

TIME!



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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IT WAS a good healthy old-fashioned Democratic fight that resulted in the nomination of Judge Parker at St. Louis, and whether or not victory perches upon its banners in November next, that which is of priceless value has already been won by the Democratic Party. It has conquered itself. It has freed itself from the clutches of Bryanism and drummed Populism out of its camp. The operation was a drastic one, but the patient went through the ordeal unflinchingly and without taking ether. Dethroned reason has come into its own again and where madness ruled we now find sanity; where the darkness of wild-cat financial ideas threatened to overwhelm the great party of Jefferson with deserved oblivion, the bright light of returning principle dawns upon and illumines the path ahead with hope, thanks to the timely act of the standard bearer, who regardless of the peanut tactics of his chief lieutenant dared to assert himself; bedlam has gone by the board and clean, clear intelligence has again resumed its sway. The whole country should be glad of this. Republicans as well as Democrats must rejoice that at last two adversaries worthy of each other stand face to face to do battle on matters of principle. Reasonable party lines are once more laid down and men may place themselves on one side or the other of these according as their consciences dictate without shame, doubt, or hesitation of any sort. Whatever happens between now and election day this much at least has been gained by the showing of the Democracy at St. Louis, and when Thanksgiving Day comes around we shall be ready for it with at least one National blessing to be grateful for.



BY THE way as mere history it should be recorded that Judge Parker has a voice after all.

THE NOMINATION of ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia for the Vice-Presidency indicates that the Democratic councillors do not share with the Republicans the notions of the latter as to the age limit. If we remember the situation correctly Mr. R. R. Hitt, who is by ten years the junior of Mr. Davis, was set aside by the Republican Convention in his Vice-Presidential aspirations because he was too well along in years to be considered available. In this particular respect we think the Democrats have the better of the argument. Just because a man has lived long is no reason why the high honors of his country should be withheld from him, and it may very easily happen that in certain contingencies the wealth of experience which years bring shall prove a most valuable asset to the party that ventures its fortunes upon a veteran cast. Anyhow the choice of Mr. Davis is an excellent one. He is a man of consistent record. He has been the Grand Old Man of his State for over a score of years. He has the physical presence required for a position calling more for dignity than for anything else, and the fact that he does not seem to need the salary relieves his quest of the Vice-Presidential Chair from



all suspicion of greed. If as has been predicted Mr. Davis "runs like sixty" no Democrat need be solicitous as to the wisdom of the Convention's choice, but we must nevertheless advise the distinguished candidate to watch out with care for his venerable limbs. There be pullers in the land.

WE SHALL now begin to get at Mr. Bryan in perspective and so determine just what style of man he was. We have been told that he was a great man by those who measure statesmen by the exuberance of their verbosity, yet even they now fail to pay the poorest reverence to his memory. He was once dubbed a very Moses who should lead his people up out of the wilderness, although the end of his career seemed to indicate that if his parallel was to be found in the Holy Writ it was a gentleman of the name of Jonah who most nearly measured up to the situation. In the fulness of his loquacious hour he was hailed as one of the greatest Statesmen of our History, but when the crucial moment came, despite the brow of Webster, he was shown to have feet of clay. With the silver sun of popularity shining full upon his massive form he appeared a demi-god in stature to certain eyes, but to-day as he lies in State in the Valhalla of the Dethroned he seems singularly mortal in his shrivelled insignificance. His once magic voice, shrunk into the stillness of innocuous desuetude, strikes now upon the chords of memory as a megaphonic thing, its euphonies harsh to the remembrance—shrill, discordant, cacophonous. And yet, when all is said and done, he was consistent to the last. Destructive as a leader, iconoclast as a thinker, devastator as an adviser, he has crowned his career with one supreme act of iconoclasm and devastation in the destruction of himself—more 's the pity. There was a lot of good raw material there which in the control of a balanced mind might have worked great things for self and country.



THE ABOVE paragraph was written before Mr. Bryan had bulldozed ex-Senator Hill into a weak abandonment of certain principles which the latter went to St. Louis to advocate. Nevertheless we see no occasion for changing it save to add that Mr. Bryan does not go into retirement alone. It is one thing to flatten Mr. Hill out and quite another to stampede the Democratic party. It is only the easier task that Mr. Bryan has accomplished and no one will grudge him the one very small scalp he takes with him.

THERE IS a great hullabaloo in certain quarters on the subject of the propriety of candidates for public office resigning the positions they already hold in order the more fitly to go before the people untrammelled. The Republicans seem to think that Judge Parker should resign his Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeals forthwith lest his duties as a candidate shall interfere with the proper performance of his functions as a Judge. The Democrats are quite convinced that Senator Fairbanks, if he wishes to hold his place on the tail end of the Roosevelt ticket, should resign his Senatorship, lest his usefulness as a Senator should be impaired by the exigencies of his candidacy and the people thereby be deprived of some of that service for which they are already paying him. There is much to be said pro and con on this subject, but before reaching a definite conclusion in the matter we should first consider whether or not the principle involved is great enough to require that Theodore Roosevelt shall also resign the Presidency. We think it unlikely that our esteemed Chief Magistrate will do anything of the sort and Puck's advice to the others is to stick tight until they have heard what kind of a spirit of resignation it is that prevails at Oyster Bay.

As for ex-Senator Davis he is the only candidate who need not worry on this point. What he will or will not give up is purely a matter of private business.

IT IS a rare pleasure to find our Esteemed Contemporary the New York Sun in the wrong in matters of no particular importance. This usually luminous journal stated the other day that it "might even have been Gorman if he had not been—Gorman." This is an error. If he had not been Gorman it might not have been Gorman although it might have been the other man that Gorman might have been if he had not been Gorman. Anyhow, what is the use of Gormandizing when the platter has already been licked as clean as Gorman himself might not have been had he not been Gorman?



THE LUXURIES of life never were particularly cheap, but even in lavish times we should consider \$9,333 apiece for the votes of an ineffective minority of delegates to a National Convention pretty steep. We don't wonder that some deep thinkers bemoan the cost of living under a Republican Administration.

ALICE IN STAGELAND

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



IV.

ALICE MAKES AN APPLICATION.

AS THE little party marched down the road, leaving Hamlet acting as an understudy for the Scarecrow, Alice could not help looking back at the melancholy Prince with feelings of intense sympathy. He had seemed to her to be a person of so much real distinction that she felt truly sorry to see him so reduced in circumstances.

"Poor man!" she sighed. "It's a terrible thing for a Prince to fall so far."

"So far as what?" demanded the Scarecrow. "He's on the earth, ain't he?"

"Yes," said Alice.

"And he never was off it, was he?" said the Scarecrow.

"Not that I know of," Alice replied, "but—"

"Then how has he come down?" persisted the Scarecrow.



"From the steps of a throne to the position of a Scarecrow," said Alice, "is a good way."

"You bet it is," said the Scarecrow.

"Up! I don't believe there's a throne in all creation that stands higher up from terra firma than the Scarecrow does; and what's more, the Scarecrow's job is an honest one and no Prince that ever lived had an honest one. Fact is, my dear child, it's a job that was cut out for Princes."

The Scarecrow is the only gentleman of leisure in the world that accomplishes any practical work, and instead of regarding it as a come-down any right-minded Prince should look upon it as a fine outlet for his inactivities. If I were a King with a slew of Princes around my palace, I'd set 'em all to work at scarecrowing."

"You would n't talk that way if you were English," observed Leo, who claimed to be a third cousin twice removed to the British Lion.

"Probably I would n't," said the Scarecrow. "If I was English, after a few remarks like that last one we'd be wading knee-deep in H's, but you see I ain't. I may speak the English Slanguage, but from my excelsior brain down to the clothes pins that pass for my toes I'm American, and I'm proud of it. My Timothy lungs were grown on a New England farm; my wild carrot heart sprang from the rich and fertile soil of Ohio; my vermiform appendix was once a dandelion grown on the soft verdured hills of Illinois; and the sawdust that fills my being from my waistband down to my ankles came from the finest grade of Georgia pine you can find in all Connecticut. So don't you go ifing around here about my being English. You can't judge an Angle by his angles."

"Well, you need n't get mad about it," said the Lion. "I only said, if."

"Well, if is a dangerous word to use carelessly," said the Scarecrow, "and as for me I leave it out of my itinerary. You never hear Frohmandum and Frohmandee talking ifs. They know just what they want, and they go abroad every year and get it."

"May I ask," put in Alice at this point, "where Frohmandum and Frohmandee are?"

"They are the place where all good actors go when they die," laughed the Lion. "If I wanted the job of playing Magda I'd go to Frohmandum and Frohmandee and they'd put me on. I heard somebody say they were even going to put Wm Faversham out as Ophelia with Fay Templeton as Polonius and Willie Collier as Hamlet, but I never could confirm the rumor."

"No, and you never will," said the Scarecrow. "They're magicians all right, but they know well enough that Faversham is too old for Ophelia, that Fay Templeton would rather do Hamlet than Polonius, and that Willie Collier

has just simply got to wear a swallow-tail coat and a white vest somewhere in the play, or go by the board. The public won't stand for Hamlet in a white vest and a clawhammer."

All this was Greek to Alice, but she had no time to ask for further explanations, for as the Scarecrow spoke the road gave a sudden turn to the left and the party stood before a huge office building forty stories in height, which bore on the front of it a simple sign announcing to the world that here was where the great firm of Frohmandum and Frohmandee, the famous theatrical twins, did business.

"My!" cried Alice, craning her neck backwards as far as she could and gazing skyward. "What a terrible tall building."

"Ain't it?" said the Scarecrow. "That's a skyscraper, sure enough; and do you know next year they are going to add sixty-two stories more to it? Their press-agents are at work on 'em now."

"Their press-agents?" asked Alice. "What on earth is a press-agent?"

"What? Never heard of a press-agent!" cried the Scarecrow.

"He's the chap that loses your diamonds for you and then finds them again," explained Pinky.

"He's the fellow who gets up stories for managers and then contradicts 'em afterwards," said the Scarecrow. "He's a wonder, too. There's a little song about the press-agent that was written by a friend of mine who looks so much like me that even I can't tell us apart. It goes like this:



Take all the remarkable writers of history:
Moses or Shakespeare or Austin the Great;
Writers like Poe who are masters of mystery;

Roosevelt or Hay on large questions of State;
Pen of a Milton engaged in great poetry;
Quill of a Markham in Git-up-and-goatry;

Huxley or Spencer in "What I Don't Knowatry;"

Darwin and Dobson and Davis and Maeterlinck;

Ibsen and Bjornsen and Arnold and Futer link;

Dooley and Ade and the other great humorists;

Maupassant, Rostand and Caine of the gloomerists;

Stew 'em and brew 'em and lay 'em out flat,

Freeze 'em and squeeze 'em and then after that

Put in a dash of old Baron Munchhausen and

Drops of Sapphira—a couple of thousand—and

Mix 'em all up in a tumbler that's tall

Into a cocktail or inky high-ball;

Squeeze out the water and strain through a net

And the modern Press Agent's the mixture you'll get."

"I know what he is," said Alice, clapping her hands with glee. "He's a sort of—circulating library."

"That's it," smiled the Scarecrow. "With the accent on the li."

"Well, say you," put in Pinky, as the small party passed over the threshold of the Frohmandum and Frohmandee building. "What excuse are we going to make to the twins for coming here. There's a notice over on the wall that says, No Admittance Except on Business, and I know from experience that they mean it."

"Gee! I never thought of that," said the Scarecrow. "They're so particular about that point that I've known 'em to grab hold of people who come in here without any business at all and make 'em work. Friend of mine wandered in here one afternoon a couple of years ago just out of curiosity and the first thing he knew Frohmandum and Frohmandee had chained him to a desk and made him dramatize sixteen historical novels before they'd let him loose. He had an awful time, and by Jingo when his dramatizations appeared on the stage the next year and his employers in the boiler foundry discovered he'd done 'em, they discharged him. Said he was n't fit to drive rivets or even to work the bellows in the forge. His family disowned him and the society of Gowanus where he lived have oystercized him completely."

"Poor fellow!" said Alice sympathetically.

"And what is he doing now?"

"Time," said the Scarecrow. "He got down so low he tried to sneak into a performance of Parsifal at the Metropolitan Opera House where he could get a good sleep, on a Broadway transfer ticket, and the Judge sent him up for six years."

"That's perfectly awful," cried Alice.

"Yes—and worse has happened than that."

put in Pinky. "I had a friend who got caught in here once without any business and they sent the poor fellow out to the Dialect Yard at Weehawken and made him crack six tons of jokes into Broken English and it affected him so



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that ever since that time he has talked like a Dutch Dialect Comedian. He used to be as careful of the way he spoke his words as John Drew, and now when he tries to say anything you can't understand him any better than you can Henry Irving or Sam Bernard. Only last night he tried to recite Hamlet's soliloquy to me and how do you suppose the poor fellow started in?"

"I give it up," said Leo. "What is the answer?"

"To iss or vot iss ut dot ut iss! Dot is der vass issnt!"

"Dear me!" cried Alice. "And what did they do then?"

"They got him a ten years contract with Weber and Fields the night they disbanded, and the result is the unhappy man is tied up for all that time with a firm that does n't exist any more," sighed Pinky.

"I'm not going in at all," said Alice.

"It's entirely too risky."

"Oh, yes you are," said Pinky. "We'll pull you through all right. The only thing is you've got to have some business that you want to see the firm about, that's all. The question is, what shall it be."

"Maybe she might have stopped in to ask Frohmandum for a free pass to see Eddie Sothern play Juliet to Sara Bernhardt's Romeo," suggested the Scarecrow. "I don't believe he's going to do it, but that need n't make any difference. She can ask for it just the same."

"They'd see through that in a minute," objected Leo. "For why? Because they'd know that we'd know so many people would pay to see it there would n't be any free passes. I think it would be better if she pretended she'd called to get Maude Adams's autograph. That's the sort of thing lots of girls are doing these days. I heard last Tuesday that there were so many requests for that, that it took seven expert short hand stenographers eight hours a day writing 'em to supply the demand."

"You don't any of you know what you are talking about," said Pinky, indignantly. "People don't go to Frohmandum or Frohmandee for any of those things. All requests for passes and demands for Maude Adams's autographs go to the press Agents direct who have full power to write 'em for anybody they think has a right to have 'em. If you want to have business with Frohmandum and Frohmandee you've either got to have a play to submit, in which event you want to catch Frohmandum in London or Paris; or an overwhelming ambition to go on the stage, in which case you must apply to Frohmandee here in New York. Frohmandee is the tryer of the new talent."

"Well," said Alice, "I never wrote a play—"

"It is n't too late to do it though," said Leo,

"and then we could all go to London and lie in wait for Frohmandum some-

where on Piccadilly. I'd like to go to London and see my cousin. Don't you think you could write a play in twenty minutes?"

"Not a very good one," laughed Alice.

"Just the thing," roared Leo. "That's the kind the old man likes."

"Nonsense," said Pinky. "Where would Alice

be if he should accept it? Her father and mother would be mortified to death. The thing to do is for her to ask Frohmandee to put her out as a star in a new play by Clyde Fitch."

"But I can't act!" protested the little girl.

"Nobody said you could," retorted Pinky. "You don't have to. Your name can be printed in big letters on a programme, and you can walk, can't you?"

"Yes, I can," said Alice. "But people would know in a minute I was n't an actress by just looking at me."

"No they would n't," said Pinky. "Leastways they would n't if your gowns were made by Mrs. Osbin. She's made more actresses than you can count on all your fingers and toes together."

Here Pinky struck an attitude and began to sing in a pleasant little soprano voice just big enough to go easily through a keyhole:

*Your elocution may be bad;
Your carriage may be gawky,
Your ways may drive the critics mad,
Your voice be shrill and squawky.*

*But you will reach the milky way
Where other stars do twinkle
If you will heed just what I say
And learn the proper wrinkle:*

*Get Frohmandum to put you out
In plays by Fitch the merry,
And all your clo'es from Mrs. O's—
You'll be a second Terry."*

"Very well," said Alice, seeing no other way out of her present difficulties. "I'll do it—only you people must do all the talking for me. I'm just regularly scared to death."

And so it was when the functionary who guarded the doors of the house of Frohmandum and Frohmandee came out to ask what the little party meant by prowling around the place that way, Miss Pinky Pajamas spoke boldly up.

"We've got a new star for Frohmandum and Frohmandee," she said. "She wants a play by Clyde Fitch, \$8,000 a week published salary and not less than \$15 paid; forty per cent. of the gross receipts, and no one night road business."

Immediately the janitor's hat was off. Surely to judge by such a demand he was in the presence of real genius.



LOVE'S DELAY.

CUPID's comely fiancée
Not as yet has changed her name.
Often as she sets the day,
Cupid's comely fiancée
Finds her lord is far away
Changing others. What a shame
Cupid's comely fiancée
Not as yet has changed her name!

A. H. F.

DIARY OF A CASTAWAY.

JUNE 1.—Food and water
have failed, but we still have
books.

JUNE 15.—Our reading matter is run-
ning low.

JUNE 20.—To-day our noble captain issued the last
novels to the women and children, keeping nothing for him-
self but Herbert Spencer's Autobiography.

JUNE 25.—We are reading one another's face.

JULY 1.—.....

TURN ABOUT FAIR PLAY.

FIRST BURGLAR.—We might as well light de gas, Bill; dere ain't
a soul in de house.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Don't git so benevolent, Kid; we'll do
all de robbin' dat 's ter be did ter-night an' give de gas comp'ny a
night off.



SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

PATENT-MEDICINE PROPRIETOR.—Did that chap we sent the
gross of medicine to send us a testimonial?

SECRETARY.—Well, no;—but we got cards of thanks from
several of his heirs!



HIS UTILITY.

"I DON'T like to say anything about it, Emory—'cuz, of course, you know your own business better than I can tell it to you," half-apologetically said honest old Farmer Tootwiler, as he hooked his elbows over the barway; "but, seems to me, kind o', that—well, your nephew, out there in the cornfield, gestyckylatin', as I s'pose you'd call it, and hollerin' in them solemn tones, makin' them faces, and stridin' up and down that way; to be sure, you know best, but seems as if it might do some good if you'd send him away somewhere, to the Retreat, say. He might never git just right, perhaps, but mebbly he'd become useful, and—er—"

"He's fully as useful now, I guess, as he'll ever be, Eli," replied equally as old and fully as honest Farmer Bentover.

"He's considerably improved, in fact, from what he was when he graduated from the academy. For a spell he didn't do anything more laborious than just set around and look soulful and superior and grow hair and theories; but now he's decided to become an actor, and 'most every day he goes out into the field where he won't be disturbed, and does up Shakespeare. Shakespeare is dead and don't mind it, and my young relative keeps the crows away beautifully; and when he finally leaves us and goes on the stage I'll have to go to the trouble of makin' me a scarecrow that won't be half as effective."

NEXT.

STRANGER (*in Moosup*).—Are you the local Judge?

JUDGE MOSSY.—I reckon I am!

STRANGER.—Well, I am the advance agent for Percy Van Rocks and his auto. I settle his fines in advance so as to save delay!

THE multiplication table is about the only document of the first importance which has not set its commentators quarreling about what it means.

THE IRISH OMAR.



WAKE! me full grown Muse of Irish song,
I've wur-rked eight hours t'-day—shure that's
not long,
Me thrimblin' har-rp I proudly take in hand—
Run o'er the sthrings, and sthrike 'em good an'
sthrong.

'T is a quare world—shure quarer ne'er was
seen—

You ait an' dhrink an' shleep an' wur-rk between,
The hopes that in the mornin' riz so high,
Go up at night like shmoke from this *dhudeen*.

A pint of good mixed ale upon the hob,
Cor-rned beef an' cabbage an' a steady job,
Wid Norah croonin' some owld Irish chune—
Ameriky's a paradise, begob!

The earth's an Aiden—on a larger plan,
So long's ye've got tin cints t' fill the can,
But oft the sarpint hides behind the tree,
T' visit sorra on the workin'-man.

'T was yestherday I seen me brother Mike,
Mixin' his morthar quite contint, belike;
Till to him kem the Walkin' Diligate,
Sayin': "Quit the job, ye spalpeen, yer on sthrike!"

On Sunday thro' the sthreet I often sthray,
And see Pat Reilly sellin' beer all day,
But dark an' dismal, tighter nor a dhrum
Is Barney Finnegan's across the way.

Howiver, if the times be out of j'int
An' dark disthress is marchin' on behint.
I'll throuble yez, me darlint, for a dime
For now 't is time to dhrink another pint.

E. F. G.



QUALIFIED.

PETEV.—So youse lost de game nineteen to nuthin'?

CAPTAIN MULLIGAN (*cheerfully*).—Yes, but we didn't need dat game anyway.

PETEV.—Say, youse ought ter be a Russian general!

One trouble with the still small voice is that it keeps telling us things we know already.



SHE SAID: "Oh, I long and yearn, this year,
For the sea—my own blue sea!
Where I can roam, with no one near,
And dream, and muse, and—be free.
I long to lie where the billows roll,
And the white gulls skim and dart—
Yes; that alone is life to the soul
And peace to the tired heart!"

She went—and sat in a swaying chair
On a wide veranda's space—
And she gazed, and gazed, at the women there,
And she never once turned her face
From the chic creations, and costumes fine—
Then, back to her home, with a sigh
Of hearts content . . . "It was just divine!
Oh, that glorious sea and sky!"

Madeline Bridges.

INTEGER VITÆ.



WHEN life shall be produced artificially by mixing sodium and a few other things yet to be decided on, the gain will be enormous.

For while, on the one hand, there will naturally be no widows and orphans to be robbed of their pittances, to the embarrassment of high finance, there will accrue, on the other, solid and important advantages.

Notably, the hard and fast order whereby a sucker is born every minute will give way to an elastic system, a system more immediately responsive to the needs of trade and politics.

Again, the problem of making families old at once, like Chicago sausages, will be easy. Indeed, society's benefit will be hard to measure. For once womanhood ceases to mean mere motherhood it will likely receive about every afternoon.

Finally, when a man may shoot himself and be made over any time at a trifling expense for chemicals and the use of apparatus, religion will find the processes of regeneration vastly simplified.

FAILURE.

A MEXICAN maid named Cholula,
In bravado attempted to fool a
Traveling man
By the name of McGann.
Now she's Mrs. McGann. Poor Cholula!

THE DIFFERENCE.

LITTLE RODNEY.—Papa, what is the difference between climate and weather?

MR. WAYOUT (of Dismalhurst-on-the-Blink).—Climate, my son, is what a locality has when you are buying a home there, and weather is what it has afterwards.



RURAL DISSIPATION.

FARMER SKINFLINT.—By gosh! But this makes me believe thet ev'ry feller ought tew take a whole day once ev'ry year an' go fishin'. I'll be gol darned if I don't feel as shiftless an' happy as a hired man!

Dogs may delight to bark and bite; but, at any rate, they don't use a hammer.



SOME LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

(From a Candidate Nominated for the Presidency by a Grand Old Party of Moral Ideas and a Big Grasp on Everything in Sight.)

OYSTER BAY, Long I., July 20th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—I have received with mixed emotions of pleasure and surprise information of your choice of a Candidate for the highest office in the gift of the People. I cannot refrain from complimenting you upon the very great wisdom of your selection. The honor has come to me most unexpectedly and as you are aware entirely unsought. Feeling as I do that no one man is great enough to set up his own judgment of that which is best against the united and unanimous judgments of a body of thoughtful men, and realizing that in reaching the conclusions to which, after many hours of anxious deliberation, you have come, you have but given expression to the most cherished hopes of the People themselves, and are therefore but the ordained instruments, the consecrated megaphones as it were, through whom the clarion tones of the Vox Populi and the Vox Dei are sent thundering forth to carry their glad messages to the uttermost parts of the earth, in all humility of spirit, and with truly humble resignation, setting aside all personal preferences for the quiet of the study, and the ease of retirement, I accept your nomination with that same fine unanimity with which it is offered.

Before discussing the platform upon which I am expected to stand I shall be pleased if you will return to me the original draft upon which it was based. I find that in moving from Washington to Oyster Bay I have mislaid the Chapters of my Autobiography therein embodied, and have at hand at this moment only the unrevised first edition of Mr. Jake Riis's Life.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your obliged and humble servant,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

N. B.—You need not bother further about the Campaign. Cortelyou and I will attend to that in case we determine to contest instead of settling the matter by Proclamation.

(From a Gentleman from Indiana to the Same Accepting a Nomination for the Vice-Presidency.)

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 16th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—I have delayed answering your kind favor of recent date until I had secured fuller information as to your real desires. In the telegram received from Chicago announcing my nomination the word Vice was omitted and it looked as if you had asked me to run for the Presidency. This of course I could not do owing to the pressure of other matters, but later investigation shows that it is for the Vice-Presidency that you have asked me to run. I cheerfully accept. I have felt for many months past a great need for rest from the pressing duties of the Senate and I see in this new field of inactivity to which you have called me, ample opportunity for that relaxation from the cares of office which I seek.

My views on public questions you will find in a letter now being prepared for you by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. What these are in detail I am as yet unaware, but I endorse them with the utmost cordiality none the less.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS.

P. S.—My resignation from the Senate, dated November 9th, 1904, in case anything should happen to me to make it necessary, will be found in my safe deposit box at Indianapolis.

(From the Nominee of a Party devoted to the Spreading of the Ice Water Habit to the Committee of Notification.)

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 17th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—I have your letter of recent date asking me if I will run for the

Presidency of the United States on the Prohibition Ticket. In the words of the enemy, "I don't care if I do."

Very truly yours,

SILAS C. SWALLOW.

P. S.—If you need any of the sinews of war see Andrew Carnegie. He may be able to give us some of the surplus water in U. S. Steel common.

(From the Head of the Yellow Journal Trust Declining a Nomination which has Not Been Offered.)

CHICAGO, Ill.,

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,

BOSTON, Mass.,

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.,

July 15th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—Your favor of July 8th is not received. Under no circumstances can I permit the use of my name as the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The climate of Washington is not good for me, and I have already a seat in the House of Representatives which I never use.

Truly yours,

WM. RANDOLPH HEARST.

Dictated by A. B.

(From a Chief Justice trained in the Art of Silence, Accepting a Nomination on a Platform which Leaves Much Unsaid.)

ESOPUS, N. Y., July 9th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—While imitation is the sincerest flattery I beg leave to state to you that I am above flattery and in common with a large number of my fellow-citizens I have no use for imitation articles. The platform upon which you have asked me to appeal to the suffrages of the voters of these United States of America is an interesting document in many ways, but it does not quite cover all the area that it should. It is silent upon too many great questions of the hour, and it is my feeling that from experience I am quite capable of attending to the silence of this campaign myself, without assistance from you or anybody else. Approving as I do your staunch adherence to the principles of Jefferson in demanding that there shall be pie for breakfast in every American home, and fully appreciating the forceful vigor of your ringing utterances on the vital question of whether or not the free and independent citizens of this great nation shall be required to pay two fares to get from New York City to Coney Island, and in entire accord with you as I am on the subject of the propriety of using the People's money for the entertainment of the Harvard Base-Ball team at the White House, I am amazed to find that you are silent upon the question of the continued coinage of five-cent nickel pieces. It is only fair to you to say that from stump and study I shall preach the doctrine that this nation is irrevocably committed to the nickel. If it were not so there could be none of the better class of slot-machines to carry sweets and knowledge of their weight to thousands of true Democrats the country over; our car-fares would have to be paid in pennies, and the inconvenience to millions of consumers of malt beverages by the suspension of the mintage of this useful coin cannot be measured. It is necessary that you know now precisely how I stand on the nickel question before I definitely accept the honor you would confer upon me. I shall regard a vote of 785 to 190 as a proper endorsement of my views.

I am, gentlemen,

Faithfully yours,

ALTON BROOKS PARKER.

P. S.—I send this in care of my friend Sheehan, since Mr. Hill seems to be missing.

(From a West Virginian worth \$40,000,000, to a Committee Notifying him That he Has Been Assessed to Lead the Rear End of a Democratic Ticket.)

DEER PARK, Md., July 11, 1904.

Gentlemen:—Certainly. How much?

With great respect,

Very truly yours,

HENRY G. DAVIS







J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TO THE WOODS.



THE SAWDUST PATH.

[Being a contribution to the Howells-Atherton dispute about the "smug standards" of the modern magazine.]



DICK WHITTINGTON had industry, intelligence and health. He chose the trade of writing as the shortest cut to wealth.

He journeyed to the market with ten dollars in his jeans, Set up a modest workbench, and bought all the magazines.

He studied them, and studied them, and studied them again;

And this was his decision as he filled his fountain pen: "If I'm ever going to figure in a 'Table of Contents' I must first of all be timely, and I must n't give offence."

He turned a little trifle, which he called "A Lima Bean," And laid it on the doorsteps of a modern magazine. It was "bourgeois," it was "timely," it was eminently "safe."

And with open arms the editor embraced the little waif.

"Dear Mr. Whittington," he wrote, "the foundling made a hit. The entire office read it, and we all are pleased with it. You may look to see it in our August 'Table of Contents.' Please send us other timely things which do not give offence."

From the proceeds of this first attempt Dick's shop began to grow. He bought a larger workbench, an electric dynamo, A punctuator, sentence clipper, sand-machine for blots, An expander, a compressor, and a turning lathe for plots. His business grew like ragweed; his plant ran night and day; And soon he reached the point where he was "turning 'em away." He figured every month in every "Table of Contents," For his stuff was always timely, and it never gave offence.

"Dick Whittington the author" is now a man of wealth, Earned by his native industry, intelligence and health. To aspirants who after him their lit'ry course would shape, His advice is: "Watch the market, keep your eye upon the tape. It's not so much the things you write as those which you leave out That sell your wares. Take Punch's motto, 'Don't,' when you're in doubt. And if you hope to figure in a 'Table of Contents' You must first of all be timely, and must never give offence."



GOOD ADVICE.

FATHER FROG.—Extravagance, my son, should be avoided. He is a wise frog who puts by something for a sunny day.

Cheeps From the Incubator.

Literature in knickerbockers is common enough always. Lately we have been getting literature in pinafores. The child poet is upon us. Little Julia Cooley and Little Enid Welsford have published, and Mr. Pegasus Shelley writes us that he is bringing out Little Myrtle Muffet, the very latest cheep from the incubator. In his introduction to "Poems of a Child, Being Poems Written Between the Ages of Three and Six," Mr. Shelley will relate how he met Little Miss Muffet on a Connecticut turnpike one day last Spring, toddling along with pencil and pad, and jotting down her impressions by the way. She sat down on a tuffet and he sat down beside her, and begged to see the pad, on which were scrawled, in a babyish hand, these striking lines:

"I see the tree-toad,
Clinging, with habit arboreal, to the tree-trunk,
With adhesive suckers taking firm hold of the
bark, and piping shrilly.

I see the hawk,
Circling aloft through the celestial blue.
I close my eyes. I open them. The tree-toad
is gone."

As Mr. Shelley says, Walt Whitman might have written the lines, but he neglected to. Other child poets please print.



Mill-Ends.

"Being Done Good" is not, as you might suppose, the recollections of a gold-bricked agriculturist, but the story of four years of rheumatism. Mr. Edward B. Lent had it, but could n't keep it to himself, although he still has it, which sounds paradoxical, and probably is. The old saying, that every man has at least one book in him, is here exemplified. It may be an affair of the heart, or an affair of the bones; but a book's a book, and 't is pleasant sure to see one's pangs in print.

International comity is now in the hands of the historical novelists. The suspicion which has lurked in British breasts, that Americans do not like the English, despite the pro-American sympathies on the other side, has been forever removed by the appearance of "Sir Mortimer." "Miss Johnson," writes Clement Shorter, "hates the Spaniards as they were hated in the spacious days of Good Queen Bess. The America that reads books must assuredly love England." A very logical conclusion.

It seems to Yone Noguchi that the American writers "do not know how to choose the titles for their books, which are 'like the signboard of a laundry,' not interesting or suggestive." Our Japanese critic is unjust to the American author. He merely writes the book. The difficult and important part of the work, selecting the title, is usually performed by the publisher.

Bert Leston Taylor.

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.

THE office boy put the waste basket down. "I would like," said he, with one eye on the baseball schedule, "to go to a funeral to-day, Mr. Cranke."

"You won't, though," replied the cold-hearted boss.

"I know it," said the office boy, "but I would like to, just the same."

"Whose funeral?" asked Mr. Cranke.

"Yours," replied the office boy.

Then the door closed hastily between them.

WAR.

It far transcends the interest Of Russia or Japan. It's the men who can't raise whiskers, Against the men who can.

SEER.

"TELL me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer.

The man told him what he ate.

"You're a blanked fool!" said the seer.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.



ON MATRIMONIAL SEAS.

"Is she the captain of the family ship?" "Oh, yes; he is her second or third mate, I understand."



THE NEXT STEP.

"At that point, he was afraid he would n't be in a condition to go home."
 "Ha! Ha! What did he do then?"
 "Why, he took a few more high balls and stopped worrying about it."

DEGREES.

"I NEVER loved a girl before
 As I love *you*." Ah, such
 His earnest words, and yet he knew
 He *had* loved others—quite a few—
 Not as he loved her—that was true—
 But—twenty times as much!
Madeline Bridges.

AMBIDEXTERITY.

ONCE on a time there lived a
 man of prophetic imagination.
 Of course he was scoffed at by
 the general, but he was nothing
 daunted.

On the contrary, he worked in-
 defatigably, early and late, and
 earned money, with which he bought
 up legislatures, until finally it was
 provided by law that children be
 taught, in the public schools, to write
 with either hand indifferently.

His vindication came soon.

In less than ten years, the six best selling novels
 had been increased to twelve.

When the man died, statues were raised in his honor,
 and he was acclaimed the Father of American Literature.

TO LANGLEY.

IF for success you really strive,
 This bit of wisdom try:
 Build a machine with which to dive.
 'T is ten to one 't would fly.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

"EVERYTHING," exclaimed the Pessimist, "has been done to invite
 and encourage official corruption!"

"Except to offer trading stamps," ventured the Optimist, feel-
 ing the ground thin under his feet, but unwilling to yield all.



BETTER THAN A SUIT.

MOSE MOSSYBANK.—So Pete Persimmons got run down by
 an 'auto.' Did he get satisfaction?

JIM JACKSON.—He suttinly did. He took de feller's num-
 ber, played policy wif it, an' won five dollars.

Evans' Ale

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Rejuvenating and Wholesome.
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APPROPRIATE.

"Blank's wife is pretty, but she has an awful temper."

"Yes—he says she's a raving beauty."—*Detroit Free Press.*

OCCASIONALLY a little meek man amuses every one by "making a stand."
—*Atchison Globe.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!



KNOW THYSELF.

MIKE.—Oi think Oi hov Malaria.

PAT.—Whoi?

MIKE.—Bekase whiskey an' quinine is good fer it!

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

LEAP-YEAR MAID.

"Uncle John," queried the pretty girl who was seeking information, "would I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"
"Only on very important business, my dear," answered the old man.
"Well, this is important business," she explained. "I want him to marry me."—*The Columbus Dispatch.*

PROFESSIONAL EGOISM.

"How would you have liked to act in Shakespeare's time?"
"My dear sir," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I have every respect for Shakespeare as a writer; but I am glad I never met him personally. There is nothing more annoying to the artistic temperament than to have an author thrusting himself in with suggestions as to how his lines shall be read."—*Washington Star.*

IN THE house where there is a well-stocked medicine closet, somebody is always sick.—*Somerville Journal.*

"He is the apple of her eye."

"And her loving glances have pierced him to the core."—*Kansas Journal.*



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"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—Utica Herald.

BUSINESS.

"I see you have chicken for dinner."

"Yessuh," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no; but de transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been roostin' on my fence foh months, wifout payin' nuffin', an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to fohclose."—*Washington Star*.

THE INTELLIGENT MULE.

"Valuable mule that," said the Billville citizen, to the prospective purchaser. "Saved my life once."

"Indeed? How was that?"

"Saw a flash of lightning making straight for me, an' kicked it all to pieces 'fore it could land!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE SOLITARY AUDIENCE.

LOWE COMERDY.—At one place where we showed in the West there was a panic in the midst of the audience—

HI TRAGEDY.—Fire?

LOWE COMERDY.—O! no; he had merely been eating green apples, I believe. He was a farm-boy who had come in on a pass.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

CAUTION.

"Do you mean to say you did n't give that horse thief a trial by jury?"

"We did n't dare," answered Broncho Bob. "If anything as unusual as a trial took place, the whole town 'ud turn out to see it, and some one would be sure to sneak in and steal some more horses."—*Washington Star*.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"Last summer, John, you said the devil was in the weather;—and this winter you say the same thing. Now, is n't that a bit inconsistent?"

"Ah, Molly!" he sighed. "You don't know that man half as well as I do!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

IN TRAINING.

MR. NEWLY RICKE.—We must learn how to behave, Maria, if we are going to enter society.

MRS. NEWLY RICKE.—We will, my dear. The new set of servants I have engaged have been in the best families.—*Detroit Free Press*.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers.

"Yes," answered the observer; "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do, I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—*Washington Star*.

IN TIME.

HE.—Why has he put her picture in his watch?

SHE.—Because he thinks she will love him in time.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AFTER THE SERMON.

"Bre'er Williams, don't you think you pass de hat roun' too frequent?"

"T ain't my hat, suh;—dat's why I risk it wid de congregation!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



NAILING A LIBEL.

THE HERON.—Got you sure that time, so speak right up. Did or did n't you tell Miss Marsh-Hen that I had a neck like a crane?

Each returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for Abbott's Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.



THE BREW FOR YOU
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the best
Milwaukee Beer.
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"DADDY 's in jail fer moonshinin'," explained the Georgia youngster, "but he's got terbacky, religion, an' his ole time fiddle."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

"SOME FOLKS," said Uncle Eben, "loses de full benefit of deir work by not bein' able to handle it. De chicken kin lay de egg, but she can't poach it."—*Washington Star*.

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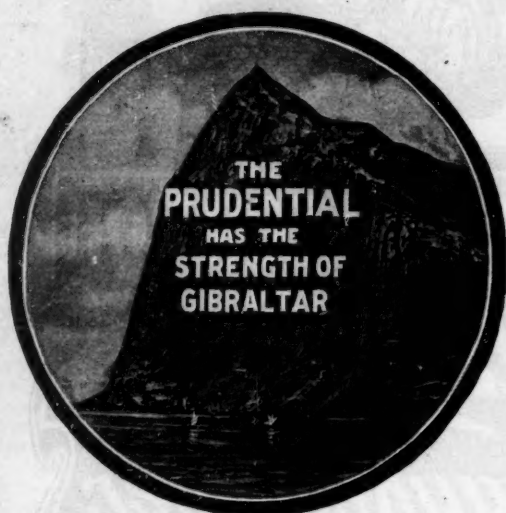
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—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—Detroit Free Press.

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JUST AS GOOD.

"Did you catch any fish the other day?"
"No, but I got a long line of new stories."—Detroit Free Press.

NEVER YOU MIND.

Never you mind
For the trouble an' sighin',
One rose is born
While another is dying.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A JOY OF NON-EXISTENCE.

The sea serpent warbled with glee,
"I'm lucky as lucky can be.
If I really existed
They would have insisted
On ruthlessly capturing me."
—Washington Star.

SPEAKING OF COMPLAINING.

"How are you, Bunting?"
"I can't complain, Larkin."
"Then, I'm more praiseworthy than you."
"How's that?"
"I can complain, but won't."—Detroit Free Press.

COULD N'T STOP HER.

MAMA.—Oh! Willie, Willie! You're doing the very thing I told you not to. Now, don't you let me speak to you again.

WILLIE.—Say, Ma, if Pa can't stop you talkin' when you once git started, how do you expect me to?—Phila. Ledger.

WHEN a very rich man dies, who has been fairly good all his life, where does he go?—Atchison Globe.

CRADLES have gone out of fashion now, but the hand that holds the nursing bottle is still the hand that rules the world!—Somerville Journal.

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If you want to hold a girl's hand, claim to be a palmist. She'll never catch on.—Atchison Globe.

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MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.



COMPULSORY.

DOCTOR.—You must take no form of violent exercise?

PATIENT.—How can I help it? My wife insists on my amusing the baby.

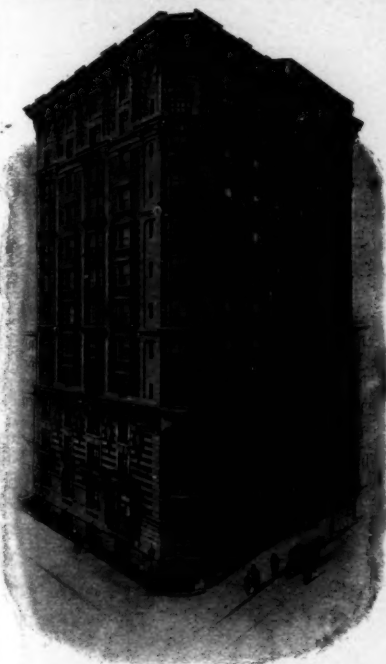


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LOCAL NEWS.

(From the Rome [Italy] Tribune.)



FINE swimming in the Tiber these days.

Catullus was a pleasant caller at this office and offered us a lot of stuff yesterday, but we ain't running that kind of a paper. Come again, Tully.

Manlius Agrippa is spending a few days with home folks.

Quite a number are taking advantage of the lovely summer weather to take long walks on the Appian Way.

Catiline is on the sick list.

Ariovistus of Germany is in our midst.

M. Cassius is having quite a tussle with the la grippe.

Praxiteles, the well known Athens painter, is kalsomining for J. Caesar of this place. Prax does dandy work.

Looks like we would have a hot summer.

Ice-cream soda at Manlius's.—Adv.

As we go to press, war is raging in Britain.

Cleopatra is wearing a new brooch. Ah there, M—c'An—y!

J. Caesar of this burg has returned home from Gaul. Welcome home, Jule!

Q. Horatius Flaccus is spending the summer with Mæcenus. Holly says his host won't let him spend anything else.

Don't forget M. T. Cicero's entertainment at the Forum to-morrow night.—Adv.

The smiling countenance of Marcus Aurelius was observable on our streets to-day. He says he's the father of an eight-pounder and it happened last night. Here's our hand, Mark, with the palm up.

We are in receipt of three sestertia for a year's subscription to *The Tribune* from Archias, the well known author. Others please settle.

A certain party is very attentive to Lesbia Johnsonius. We mention no names. Guess we don't have to, eh?

Franklin P. Adams.



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HIGH CLASS
WHISKEY SALESMEN
WITH ESTABLISHED
TRADE.
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THE OPPORTUNITIES
ARE GOOD.
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BALTIMORE, MD.

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CHAMPAGNE AFTER YOU TRY
ONE BOTTLE OF

COOK'S Imperial
CHAMPAGNE.

SERVED EVERYWHERE

PAINFUL FINISH.

BELLE.—She said she would never marry a man that caused her a moment's pain.

MAY.—And did she?

BELLE.—Yes; she was married to her dentist.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

WHEN there is a boy in the family, it keeps some one at the table busy passing things to him.—*Atchison Globe.*

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IN EARNEST

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BY SUBSCRIBING FOR **PUCK**
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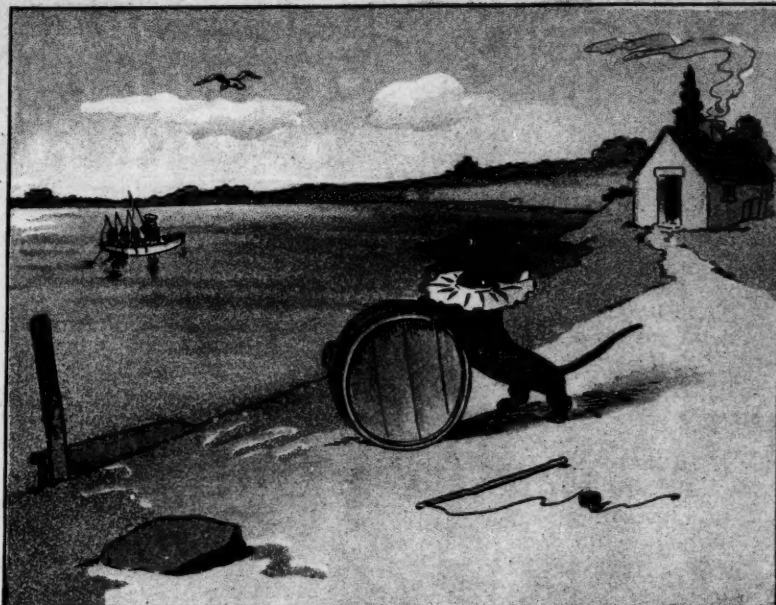
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I.
"Stay ashore," said Hans to Dackel, "we have had mishaps enough just because we've taken you along. Oh, yes! I know it's tough."



II.
"So they think they've fixed me, do they? Well, I'll show them," Dackel said, "That they've given me the chance to have a bully time instead."



III.
"Oh, I say!" he chuckled slyly, "just imagine Hans' chagrin When he sees the way I fooled him, and the boat I'm sailing in."



IV.
"Good for Dackel! Such an angler," then said Hans, "I never saw." "Huh! He's envious," thought Dackel. "He was mad at me before."



V.
Hans declared, "We're proud of Dackel. Are we not, my faithful chums? We must ask him up to dinner; there'll be cod-fish, if he comes."



VI.
"Oh, what torture!" whimpered Dackel, "every stroke I'm forced to see The fish I captured, cooking—and there may be none for me"